1: Jenness--233-234 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 152

"The conduct of even the older people is often marked by a naive childishness and simplicity. Ikpakhuak, usually so dignified, would scuffle with Higilak and playfully give her a slap, while Avranna and Milukkattak, sitting opposite, would make faces at one another or mock each other's words, then embrace with shouts of laughter. Their emotions as a rule lie very close to the surface; they have little of the stoicism so characteristic of the American Indian. Weeping fits are not uncommon; some one mentions a relative who has recently died and begins to weep, whereupon the whole audience weeps in sympathy, not excluding the men. Twice during migrations I saw Kesullik lean against his sled and weep, for no apparent reason; the fit would pass over in a few minutes and he would chatter again as usual. Some of the natives are more prone to tears than others. Itokanna paid a visit to an elder sister in another settlement. The sister buried her face in her hands and wept for joy, but Itokanna sat calmly beside her without a trace of emotion on her face; she was more stolid, however, than the average native. Uloksak induced one of our western Eskimos to clip his hair. His second wife was very much opposed to the operation, and sat on the floor till it ended with the tears streaming down her face. It required much coaxing on the part of her husband to restore her good humour, and induce her to seal a peace by pressing noses.

The majority of the natives are extremely curious, although a few of them keep this

feeling fairly under control. They like to pick up and examine everything, to turn a thing over and see what is inside. This was often very annoying to us, although occasionally it led to rather amusing results: Nik, for example, Aksiatak's wife, tasted some cayenne pepper one day, and another native who liked to help himself to our sugar took a mouthful of salt that was left out for him. Some of the older men, however, were models of courtesy and good-breeding, as far as these qualities were understood by the natives. They never imposed their company on us, for example, whenever it was obvious that we wanted to remain alone, and when they did visit us they bore themselves with dignity and respect. In their own houses, too, they always received us as honoured guests, and did their utmost to make us comfortable. The younger men, on the other hand, partly through inexperience of life's vicissitudes, partly through the contamination of foreign influence, were more forward and assuming. Just as among Europeans, however, there were very many different types. Some were very timid and alarmed by anything they could not understand, such as the phonograph or the magnetic needle, others were bold and inquisitive, or sly and cunning, and a few, a very few, frank and straightforward. The majority were cheerful and light-hearted, inclined to be talkative and, in some cases, even garrulous. Their gay and care-free natures make suicide an extremely rare occurrence; in fact I do not remem-

ber hearing of more than one case, and that was due not to any morbid weariness of life, but to terror of the revenge that might be exacted for a crime that the man had committed. Some of them are very quick-tempered, and the majority of the murders that occur are committed [234] in a momentary heat of passion provoked by some scornful or sarcastic remark. If a native makes a serious mistake without being greatly to blame -- for example, if he unwittingly startles a herd of caribou-- he will talk about it for days afterwards in a tone of disappointment or regret. On the other hand if he is blamed for some action --as when I scolded Avranna for using a tiny pair of scissors on a heavy sealskin, with the inevitable result that the scissors broke immediately --he is liable to become very sullen and brood over it for a long time. His anger may pass off after a night's sleep, but sometimes it leads to a violent outburst, when the man will probably pack up his things and move off to another place.

Children show the same individual variation. One will be bold and merry, another bashful and shy, a third forward and presuming, and a fourth an abominable meddler. Two or three children were what we should call 'prudes,' while one little girl, Tupik, whom I noted as particularly charming (she was about 8 years old in 1916), is declared by the missionaries to have no taint of original weakness or sin, nor to know what wrong is. In many little ways they display the same sensitiveness as European children. Thus Higilak's daugher Kanneyuk slipped on a stone one day and gashed her

knee rather badly. Some one noticed her crying and asked her what was the matter, but she angrily brushed the tears from her eyes and moved away, ashamed that anyone should have seen her weeping over a petty injury."

"I had not been long among the Musk-Ox People before it became clear to me that there was a marked difference between them and the people I had left further east. One thing that could not fail to be observed at once was the infectiously bright spirits they were always in; they were not only full of fun, they were almost defiantly self-assured and so free in their manners that it was often necessary to keep some of them down a little. This presumptious behaviour has probably been the cause of the fear in which quieter tribes hold these Kitlinermiut. On the other hand there was nothing remarkable in their self-assurance; for the vitality that involuntarily radiated from them made them more enterprising and of greater ini- [15] tiative than other natives I have met with in Canada. The very manner in which their implements, especially their bows and arrows, were finished showed that this was a people that lived up to high standards. Their order and cleanliness was exemplary, and, though suffering from a shortage of caribou skins, their garments were not only well looked after but almost elegant. The woman seemed to be expert needlewomen, and put much more work into the decoration of the clothing than the Netsiliks and Hudson-Bay Eskimos. This one circumstance alone was new to me: besides the clothing used for hunting and indoors, they had special festival garments used only in the dance-house. One gained the impression, too, that the women were unusually steady at their work and liked to finish a thing; in this they formed a contrast to the Netsilik women, who would hang for weeks over a piece of sewing without being

able to bring themselves to finish it. In addition to these virtues they had a tongue that was enough to take one's breath away; but as they were always happy and ready for a joke, they were extremely entertaining."

3: Rasmussen--19 (c. 1923) 1932 Copper Eskimo
116, 152, 578, 593

"Of course there are bad men too, whose example frightens. Arshuk, for instance, one of the actors in the affair just described, once in his passion tore the clothes off his two wives and threw them naked out into the snow, where he beat them. When the women took courage to threaten him with the mounted police, he immediately declared that he would kill every white man who dared to mix up in his family matters. He undoubtedly meant every word of his threat; at any rate it caused the manager at the adjacent trading post to make his will, and after that he never unarmed visited his fox traps, which were set not far from Arshuk's house.

This case is a fairly isolated one, and all relations between man and wife, as everywhere else in the world, are to a great extend dependent on the tempers of the respective spouses. Among these people there are by no means a few long-tongued women who can make even the coolest man boil over, just as of course there are excitable and unreasonable men who get their deserts when their women run away from them. One thing that is practically common to them all is the swift and absolute manner in which they react in anger. My host told me, for instance, that our neighbour Quershoq, 'cough', a good-natured giant and a splendid hunter, had recently tried to shoot himself simply because his wife was 'aggravating'."

3: Rasmussen--19-21 (c. 1923) 1932 Copper Eskimo-1-4
116, 152, 578

"On one single occasion I had occasion to experience in person how anger can suddenly flare up and darken the mind. It happened during the close of our stay at Kent.

As I have already said, our seven dogs were quartered on a family near Ellis River. Though 'Eider Duck' had been promised that they would be brought to the trading post when the first ice formed, we were right into December and still they had not arrived. At last I had to send 'Eider Duck' to look for them, and, when at last he found them, four of the dogs had starved to death and [20] the three that were alive were in such a dreadful condition that they had to be carried on the sledge. And this despite the fact that the man, who had been given a rifle for looking after them, had meat enough. It will therefore hardly be wondered at that later on, when this scoundrel -- Maneraitsiaq, his name was ('the smooth ice')-- visited me, I scolded him for his bad behaviour, particularly because they were dogs of which I was very fond, because they had served us ever since our depature from Greenland. There were two small rooms in our house and, when Maneraitsiaq had been given his reprimand, I went into the next room.

Then a most peculiar thing happened -- one that I was not present to see. Maneraitsiaq, who was in the other room together with 'Eider Duck' and Arnarulúnguaq, began to tremble violently. Suddenly he frothed at the mouth and, seizing his knife, rushed out. 'Eider Duck' followed him, and, seeing that the man was apparently out of his mind, and that he was running in the direction of his snow hut, thought he was going for his rifle; without saying anything to me he sprang up to Clark and Rudolph Jensen and

told them that Maneraitsiaq was going to murder me. Quite unsuspecting, I was sitting in the inner room of the house when Clark and Jensen rushed in, each with a lantern in one hand and a revolver in the other. As soon as I began to grasp what it was all about we all went out to look for Maneraitsiaq, who in the meantime had disappeared, so I went with Clark up to his house and remained there an hour or so.

The episode had quite gone out of my mind, but as I was on my way back home I caught sight of Maneraitsiaq who, with his wife, came running towards me. I had nothing on but my underclothing, a form of undress we often used when we were to stay in a stove-heated room after living a long time out in the open air. There was a stiff breeze blowing, snow was drifting, and it was bitterly cold. I was alone and unarmed, and at once realized the seriousness of the situation. I had time enough to run back to Clark's house if I wanted to, but I was aware that if I displayed the least indication of fear I would for ever 'lose caste' in the eyes of these people. So I stood calmly and waited for these two raging natives, who were so excited that they could scarcely speak. A moment later the man's upgrown son joined them, and the odds were thus three to one against me. I knew that Maneraitsiaq had a knife up his sleeve, and that the usual mode of attack was for the woman to throw her arms about one's neck, and the moment one tries to push her off the knife is thrust into the armpit. I had to concentrate all my attention on this fury, who was simply waiting for me to give her an opening. Luckily I succeeded in preserving complete calm, both in manner [21] and voice. I was clad

solely in woollen vest and pants and so they had no dificulty [sic] in ascertaining that I was quite unarmed. I maintained the anger I had previously given vent to, but at the same time tried to explain that anger was not always synonymous with a desire to kill.

Maneraitsiaq's argument was that a dog was a being so far beneath a man that one had no right to scold on account of one of these animals. And he claimed that he was bound to assume, after what I had said to him, that I would take the first opportunity of killing him; this seemed to imply that he was now about to seize the occasion to forestall me. Never have I spoken to a mind that was so completely unsuspectible to reason as that, and all the while time was passing. Half naked as I was, I could feel my body was gradually stiffening with cold, and yet I could make no impression upon my opponents, who incessantly tried to force me into a corner of Clark's house. And just when in desperation I thought it best to take the initiative myself and attack while there was still some life left in my arms, Rudolph Jensen came out of the house. Maneraitsiaq and his wife seemed to calm down at once, and when we succeeded in getting them to come in to Clark's house with us, it turned out that they had kept me out in the snow-storm almost half an hour.

Afterwards Maneraitsiaq acted as if nothing had happened and often called at my house. His offended anger was gone and there was no hatred between us. He later on confided to me that his mind had been sick with shame at the lecture I had given him, and in this I believe he hit upon just the right words.

All the same, my life hung by a hair; that I was not struck down was exclusively due to my calmness and that I was able to keep my opponents away from me. There was no evil in that attack; it was nothing more or less than an unhinged mind that nearly blundered. But I was an experience the richer, and afterwards was a little more cautious about setting a match to these powder barrels."

6: Roberts and Jenness--14 (1914-1916) 1925 Copper Eskimo
116, 533, 152

"There is only one song in the whole collection that carries a note of pathos, the widow's complaint in No. 55. The Eskimo is by nature exceedingly cheerful and even-tempered, not given to brood over the periods of privation that so often fall to his (Cf. No. 17), or the many weary journeys that may so easily end in disaster (Cf. Nos. 34 and 74). He is fond of companionship (Cf. No. 46), and not lacking in affection for his family and kinsfolk (Cf. Nos. 13, 39 and 75), although in a fit of anger or jealousy evoked by some incident like that recorded in No. 32 he may treat his wife as harshly as his dogs (Cf. No. 13). As long as a man retains the strength to hunt he can always find a comfortable home; but wretched is the fate of the widow who is unable to obtain another husband. She is cast on the community, a burden to herself and to her kinsfolk alike."

12: Collinson--286 [2] (1851-53) 1889 Copper Eskimo
116, 415, 411, 304, 152

"Their arms, lamps, and other utensils correspond with Sir E. Parry's description; during the winter, the bow with its cover and quiver is left at home, and a short spear tipped with bone carried in lieu. Among their caches in the inner harbour were two or three triangular pieces of wood fitted with slings for the arm, and apparently designed to act as a kind of shield; one of the principal men among them was scarred severely across one side of his face, but I could not make out whether it was done in war or not; they at first with us carried their knives with the blade up their sleeves, and the haft in the hand, in readiness for immediate use; but notwithstanding the dread of our firearms may have kept them quiet, I am inclined to think they are an inoffensive race."

22: Richardson--352-353 (1848-49) 1851 Copper Eskimo
116, 152, 577

"[JMR: Not confined to Copper Eskimo] In personal courage, the Eskimos are superior to the Chepewyans, Crees, or any other Indian nation with whom I am acquainted. The Hare Indians and Dog-ribs dread them, and even when much [353] superior in numbers, would fly on their approach. Nor do the firearms which the bolder Kutchin have lately acquired enable that people to lord it over the Eskimos, or encroach on their grounds."

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

Ikpuck's longing for a son. So their home life was complete.

Nevertheless the Tormiat woman disturbed Icehouse's peace of mind. She shrank from remaining in the same camp with her rival, and entreated Ikpuck to lead back our party to the Lake of Dancing. Ikpuck consulted me, and we agreed to depart on the morrow. The natives from the Great Sound joined us in a dance of farewell, and we started on the homeward march.

The snow was melting everywhere, and the women, skirting the ridges, filled their bags with dryads to cook our evening meal. We wandered along like bees, sipping at every thimbleful of water that collected in the cracked soil. A few pink saxifrages were opening out their blossoms, and Lapland longspurs sang gaily all around. My companions laughed and chattered as, marching steadily, we re-entered the Colville Hills. But when we approached a knoll slightly higher than the others Ikpuck raised his voice and wept shrilly. Yonder, on its crest, lay the bleaching bones of his only brother who had died six years before; and of all his family he alone remained. The whole train wailed aloud in sympathy, the hills echoed their cries, and the frightened longspurs crouched silent in the moss. Slowly our gloomy procession trailed past the fatal site; but when it lay far behind us my companions ceased their wailing and filled the air again with cheerful laughter.

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

official welcome, and danced in front of him, interspersing their songs with impromptu speeches to express their delight at his visit. The Runner, who had the prerogative of dancing next, made a suitable reply, saying how glad he had been to accompany his "white brother" on this journey and to meet once more his old acquaintances of the Musk-ox land. The whole ceremony resembled the joyous reunion of long-separated friends. As he remarked to me afterward, when the gathering dispersed, "It is good to establish dancing-companions in every tribe, for then you are sure of a welcome wherever you travel."

The cheerfulness of the villagers amid their hardships aroused our admiration. On Victoria Island the Eskimos with whom I had wandered frequently fasted for twenty-four and even forty-eight hours. The experience was no novelty in their lives; they merely tightened their belts, trudged steadily forward a dozen or fifteen miles, and said smilingly, "If we sight no caribou today we will tomorrow; or, if not tomorrow, certainly the day after." It was summer then, and our tents were comfortable even without fires. But in this village the winter gales were raging, the temperature fluctuating between 25 and 45 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, and ill-luck had been trailing the natives for several weeks. The hunters had searched for seals in the fiercest blizzards until every man's face was scarred with frost-bites, but the number

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

261
731 they had captured hardly sufficed to keep them alive.
[225] Now their strength was impaired by starvation, their huts cold from lack of oil in the lamps. One or two families, driven by hunger, had even eaten the dry
• [152] sealskin cases of their bows. Perhaps it was the nearness of spring that buoyed up their courage, for none of them showed despondency or gloom, despite their
[574] pinched faces and empty cooking-pots. Indeed, they seemed more distressed by their apparent inhospitality, for several of our visitors apologized at being unable to offer us the usual presents of meat.

[225] We stayed with them three days, and each morning the men left early for their hunting-grounds, although, half blinded by the snow-clouds, they could find few
114 seal-holes and captured not a single seal. Our own supplies were running dangerously low; we had full rations for three days only, and the return journey to Bernard Harbour required at least a week. So we reloaded our sled and struck southward to the mainland, hoping to find game of some description as we skirted the coast.

[132] Our departure marked the beginning of even worse weather, for the temperature dropped lower still, and the wind, which had blown in our faces throughout the eastward march, now swung round to smite us from the west. That first day's journey to the mainland tried us all severely, and though I perhaps suffered most—my health being far from good at this period—